

Shakespeare's Greatest Hits

In Voice and Verse

CD Texts & explanations

The following texts are all Shakespeare's as spoken or sung on the CD this accompanies. Track numbers are in blue on the left with some added explanations in *[blue]*.

1 **Now is the winter of our discontent**

Richard III Act 1, scene 1, lines 1-40

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that loured upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms *[battered weapons]* hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums *[calls to arms]* changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful *[frightening]* marches to delightful measures *[dances]*.
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front *[forehead]*;
And now, instead of mounting barbèd steeds *[horses wearing armour]*
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I - that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I - that am rudely stamped *[shaped]*, and want *[lack]* love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph *[courtesan walking flirtatiously]*;
I - that am curtailed of this fair proportion *[lack a handsome figure]*,
Cheated of feature *[figure]* by dissembling *[deceitful]* nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable *[uncouth]*
That dogs bark at me as I halt *[limp]* by them;
Why, I, in this weak piping *[dancing music instead of military marches]* time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And déscant *[enlarge]* on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days *[waste time making polite conversation]*,
I am determined to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Plots have I laid, inductions *[plots]* dangerous,
[Inspired] By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
- *[George, Duke of Clarence, was Richard's elder brother]*
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up *[imprisoned]*,
About a prophecy, which says that 'G'
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
[Suspicion fell on Clarence, as his name was George; but in the play the murderer is G for Gloucester.]

2 Where the bee sucks - Thomas Arne

The Tempest 5.1.88-94

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

3 Shall I compare thee to a summer's day

Sonnet 18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven *[sun]* shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair *[thing]* from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed *[losing some of its decoration]*;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest *[you own]*;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest *[my poem will make you immortal]*:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

4 **It was a lover and his lass** - Thomas Morley

As You Like It 5.3.14-31

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
- [engagement rings, wedding bells ringing, dancing in a ring.]
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime [of life],
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

5 **My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun**

Sonnet 130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun [dull brown];
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damasked [velvety-petalled], red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go -
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare [any woman wrongly described with poetic images].

6 Who is Silvia? - Franz Schubert

The Two Gentlemen of Verona 4.2.38-52

Who is Silvia? What is she,
That all our swains [*young lovers*] commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That admired she might be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him [*Cupid*] of his blindness [*love is blind*];
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her garlands let us bring.

7 The barge she sat in

Antony and Cleopatra 2.2.195-222

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As [*if*] amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description: she did lie
In her pavilion - cloth-of-gold of tissue - [*made of gold thread-and-silk material*],
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature.

[the sight of her was more heavenly than a famous painting of Venus].

On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers [*multi*]-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

[By making her cheeks glow as if warm, they seemed to cancel their work of cooling her]

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides [*sea nymphs*],
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes [*in full view*],
And made their bends adornings [*made their bowing down an additional beauty*]; at the helm

A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle *[sails]*
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office *[nimblely perform their task]*. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthronèd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature. *[if it were able, the air would have gone to see her too]*

8 I know a bank

A Midsummer Night's Dream 2.1.249-56

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows *[blooms]*,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws *[sheds]* her enamell'd skin,
Weed *[garment]* wide enough to wrap a fairy in:

8 You spotted snakes - Felix Mendelssohn

A Midsummer Night's Dream 2.2.9-24

You spotted snakes with double *[forked]* tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.
Hence away!

Chorus: Philomel *[nightingale]*, with melody
Sing in our sweet lul-lullaby: Lul-lullaby, lullaby.
Never harm, Nor *[neither]* spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh; So, good-night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners *[daddy longlegs]*, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.
Hence away!

Chorus:

9 How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

The Merchant of Venice 5.1.54-66

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become *[suit]* the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patens *[metal plates]* of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb *[start]* which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still *[always]* quiring *[singing in a choir]* to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls ...
Come, ho! and wake Diana *[the moon]* with a hymn!
With sweetest touches *[to stringed instruments]* pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

9 If music be the food of love - Henry Purcell

Twelfth Night 1.1.1-7

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! It had a dying fall *[cadence]*;
It came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.
Enough, no more!

10 A drum, a drum!

Macbeth 1.3.1-37

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

First Witch: Where hast thou been, sister?

Second Witch: Killing swine.

Third Witch: Sister, where thou?

First Witch: A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:--
'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee [*be gone*], witch!' the rump-fed ronyon [*fat woman*] cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger [*a ship*]:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Second Witch: I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch: Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch: And I another.

First Witch: I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card [*compass*].
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid [*eyelid*];
He shall live a man forbid [*cursed*]:
Weary se'nnights [*7 nights*] nine times nine [*so, 81 weeks*]
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark [*ship*] cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Second Witch: Show me, show me.

First Witch: Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

Drum within...

Third Witch: A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

ALL: The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters [*swift travellers*] of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.

First Witch: Peace! the charm's wound up [*the spell is ready*].

11 Once more unto the breach

Henry V 3.1.1-34

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage.
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect *[appearance]*;
Let it pry through the portage of the head *[eye-sockets]*
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm *[hang over]* it
As fearfully as doth a gallèd *[chafed]* rock
O'erhang and jutty *[project beyond]* his confounded *[eroded]* base,
Swilled with *[swallowed by]* the wild and wasteful *[destructive]* ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet *[derived]* from fathers of war-proof! *[valour proved in war]*
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument. *[there was no-one left to fight]*
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you called fathers did beget you.
Be copy *[example]* now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture *[what you're made of]*; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding - which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips *[leashes holding the hounds till they are let loose]*,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry, God for Harry "God for Harry",
England, "England"
And Saint George! "Saint George!".

13 Malvolio's letter scene

Twelfth Night 2.5.89-182

Taking up the letter....

By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very c's, her u's and her t's, and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question *[beyond doubt]*, her hand.

[Reads] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:' - her very phrases! To whom should this be?

[Reads] 'Jove knows I love: But who?
Lips, do not move! No man must know.'
'No man must know' - if this should be thee, Malvolio?

[Reads] 'I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife *[ritual knife, intended for suicide]*,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'
'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' - Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.
'I may command where I adore' ... Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity *[anyone of right mind]*. And the end: what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me! Softly - M, O, A, I.
M – Malvolio. M - why, that begins my name: M. But then there is no consonancy in the sequel *[what comes next doesn't fit]*; A should follow, but O does.

M, O, A, I ... every one of these letters are in my name.

Soft! here follows prose ...:

[Reads] 'In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness: *[my station in life is higher than yours, having been born under a lucky star]* some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered; I say, remember. Go to *[come on]*, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so.

Farewell.

She that would alter services with thee *[change places and become your servant]*.' This is open *[clear]*. I will be proud; for every reason excites to this *[the evidence points to this]*, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange *[self-absorbed]*, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Here is yet a postscript:

[Reads] 'Thou canst not choose but *[you must]* know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

Jove, I thank thee! *[He lifts his hands towards heaven]* I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

15 I'll attend her here

The Taming of the Shrew 2.1.167-80

I'll attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why then, I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.
Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew.
Say she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns [*wedding announcement in church*], and when be married.
But here she comes ...

16 Hath not a Jew eyes

The Merchant of Venice 3.1.52-65

Shylock:

Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility?

Revenge. [*The Christian doesn't submit meekly (as he should); he takes revenge.*]

If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be [*how should he take it?*] by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction. [*It will take a lot to stop me being even more vengeful than you would be.*]

16 The quality of mercy

The Merchant of Venice 4.1.179-95

[Portia:]

The quality of mercy is not strained *[forced]*,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes *[fits]*
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway *[earthly rule]*.
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself.
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons *[moderates]* justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this:
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy *[in the Lord's Prayer]*;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

17 The Willow Song - Trad (c.1600)

Othello 4.3.41-47

The poor soul sat sighing by a Sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow,
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow, willow,
Sing willow, willow, willow, willow,
must be my garland,
Sing all a green willow, willow, willow, willow,
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve.

The fresh streams ran by her, and mumur'd her moans,
Sing all the green willow,
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones

Sing willow.....etc

18 To be, or not to be

Hamlet 3.1.56-88

To be, or not to be - that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die, to sleep –
No *[nothing]* more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to - 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep;
To sleep, perchance to dream *[experience an after life]*! Ay, there's the rub *[problem]*;
For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil *[died]*
Must give us pause: there's the respect *[thought]*
That makes calamity of so long life *[put up with bad things for so long]*.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely *[contempt]*,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office *[rude officials]*, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes *[insults swallowed]*,
When he himself might his quietus make *[settle the matter]*
With a bare bodkin *[simple dagger]*? Who would fardels *[burdens]* bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death –
The undiscovered country from whose bourn *[boundary]*
No traveller returns - puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience *[thinking about it]* does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution *[decision to take action]*
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought *[paralysed by doubt]*,
And enterprises of great pith and moment *[solid plans]*,
With this regard *[thought about like this]*, their currents turn awry *[change course]*,
And lose the name of action *[end up doing nothing]*.

19 Friends, Romans, Countrymen

Julius Caesar 3.2.73-260

ANTONY: Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

All: *Murmur*

ANTONY: I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interrèd with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answered *[paid for]* it. ...
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers *[public treasury]* fill -
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?

All: *Unsure*

ANTONY: When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal *[annual festival]*
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse - was this ambition?

All: No!

ANTONY: Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know. ...
But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there. ...
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men. ...

All: *Unsure*

- ANTONY:** But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament -
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read -
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds ...
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue [*children*].
- All:** 1) Read the will;
2) We'll hear it, Antony;
3) You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.
- ANTONY:** Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself [*gone to far*] to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar; I do fear it.
- All:** 1) The will!
2) The will!
3) Read the will.
- ANTONY:** You will compel me, then, to read the will?
- All:** Yes!
- ANTONY:** Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will. ...
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. ...
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart; ...
- All:** 1) Revenge!
2) Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
3) Let not a traitor live! ...
- ANTONY:** Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny. ...
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; ... I only speak right on [*straightforwardly*]; ...
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up [*stir*] your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
- All:** We'll mutiny. ...

ANTONY: Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak. ...
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves? ...
You have forgot the will I told you of. ...

All: Ah!

ANTONY: Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several *[each individual]* man, seventy-five drachmas. ...

All: *Cheer!*

ANTONY: Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures *[for the public to enjoy]*,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another? ...

All: *Cheer! Riot! Mutiny!*

ANTONY: Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot;
Take what course thou wilt.

20 But soft! What light

Romeo and Juliet 2.2.2-25

But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. ...
It is my lady; O, it is my love!
O that she knew she were! ...
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there *[in the sky]*, they *[the stars]* in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region *[the earth's atmosphere]* stream so bright
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

21 All the world's a stage

As You Like It 2.7.139-66

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the *[leo]*pard,
Jealous in *[of his]* honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. *[risking being blown to pieces for a fame as short-lived as a soap bubble]*
And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws *[clichés]* and modern instances *[examples of case law]*;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon, *[stereotype of old man in baggy trousers]*
With spectacles on nose and pouch *[money-bag]* on side,
His youthful hose *[trousers]*, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.